

PS  
3537  
H768c  
1922



# SONNETS



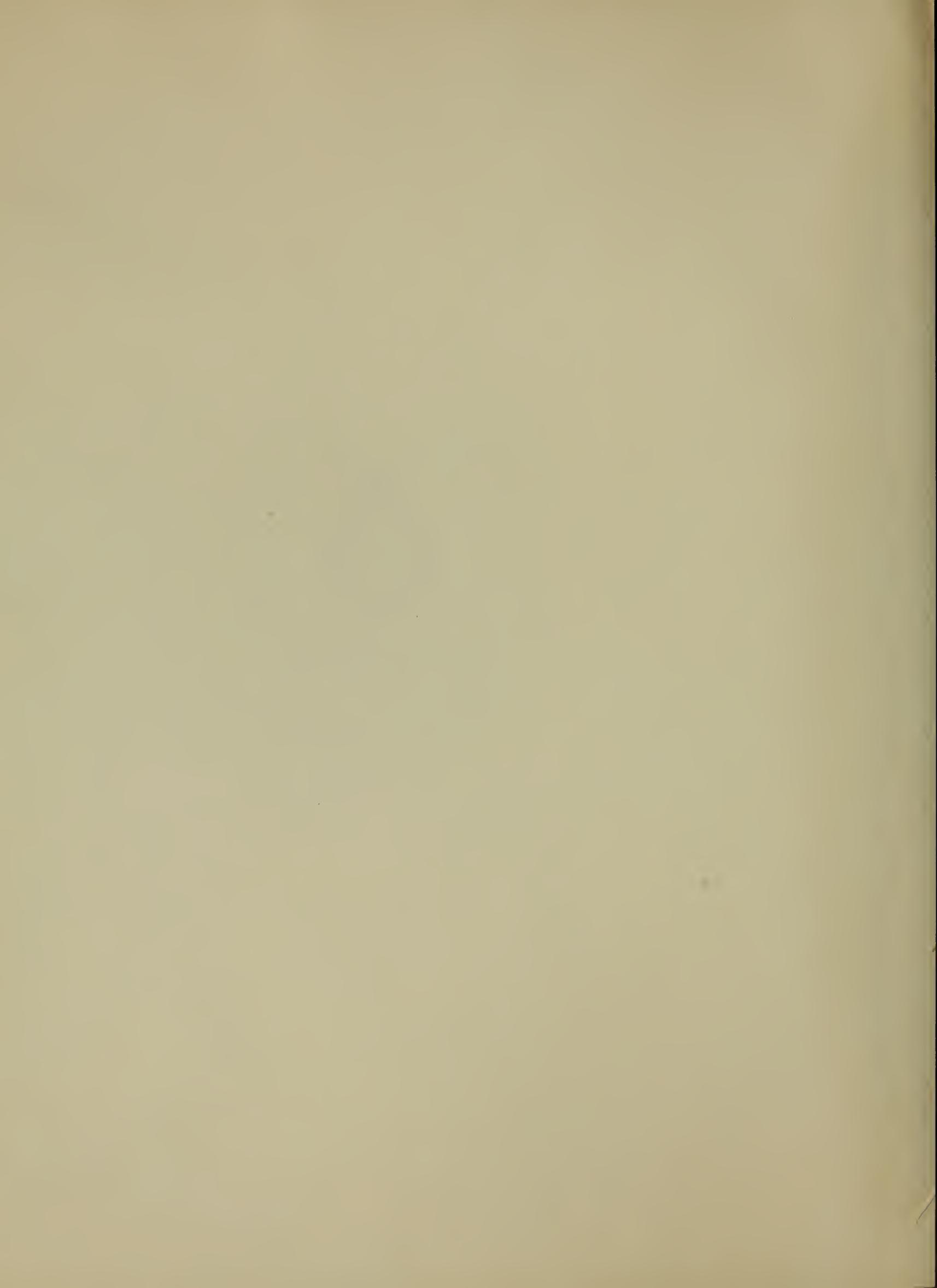
Class PS 3537

Book H 76 S 6

Copyright No. 1922

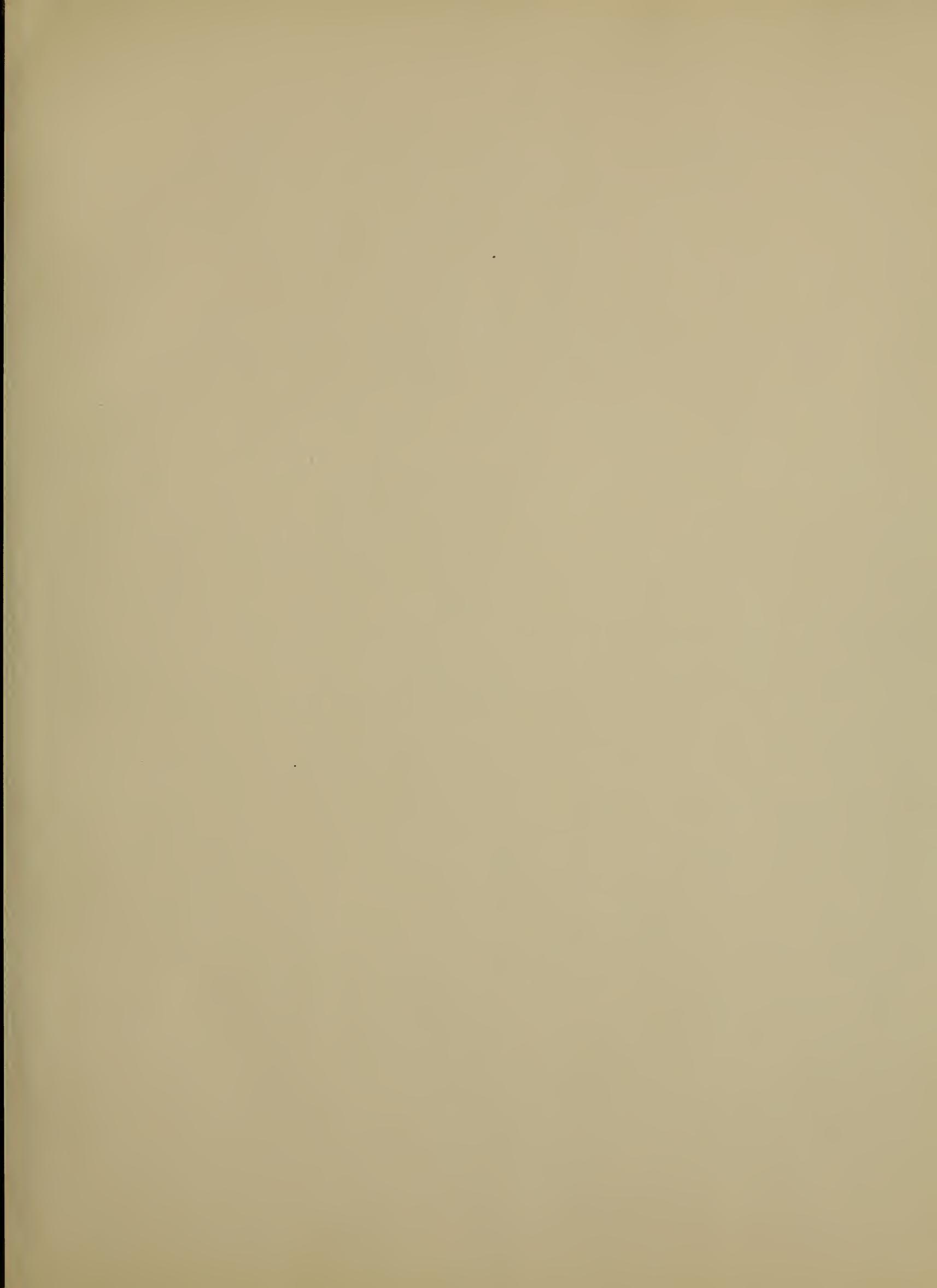
**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

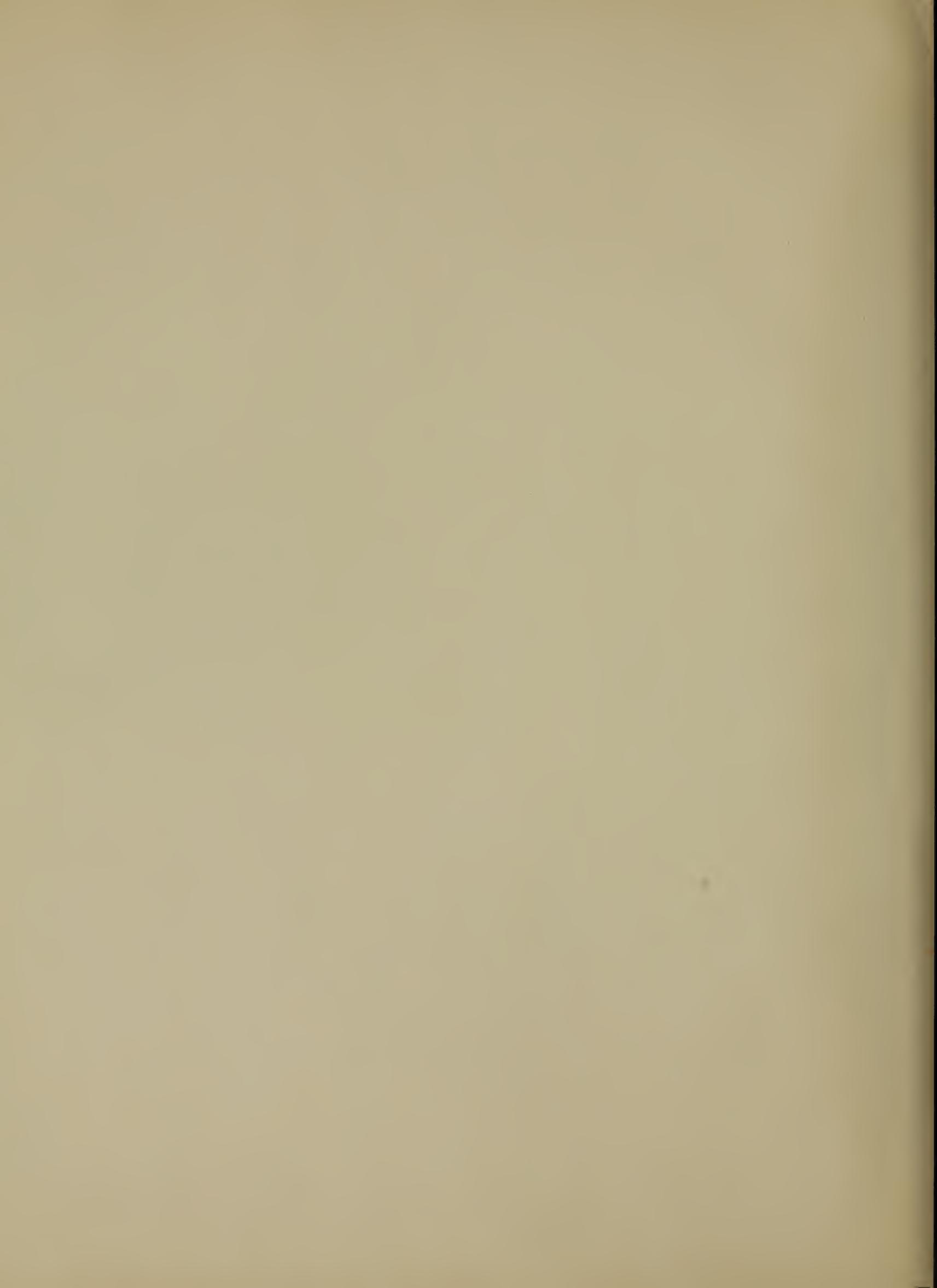












# SONNETS

SUGGESTED BY PAINTINGS  
IN THE COLLECTION OF  
JULIA MUNSON & FREDERIC  
FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

BY

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



NEW YORK  
CHRISTMASTIDE  
MCMXXII

PS3537  
H76 S6  
1922

Copyright 1922 by  
Frederic Fairchild Sherman



FEB 21 '23

© C1A 698389

no 1

## C O N T E N T S



### ARCADIA

*Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder*

### A SOUTH SEA IDYL

*Painted by J. Alden Weir*

### THE WRECK

*Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder*

### PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG PAINTER

*Painted by Benjamin D. Kepman*

### THE SUNLIT DELL

*Painted by Lillian M. Genth*

### MEDITATION

*Painted by Benjamin D. Kepman*



S O N N E T S



## ARCADIA

*Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder*

Here in this garden that the world knows not  
One hears the voices of the long ago,  
The throb of strings touched by an elfin bow,  
The pipes of fairies heretofore forgot.  
Still fragrant as of old this secret spot  
And fair as Tempe in the moon's white glow—  
An Eden of today that does not know  
The curse of Adam that the world doth blot.

A setting like a dream's it is—that wakes  
Our slow imagination and that makes  
Us sense at last the dance's deathless rhyme  
Of nymphs and satyrs living here today  
Forever young, as ere had passed away  
The gods and goddesses of ancient time.



## A SOUTH SEA IDYL

*Painted by J. Alden Weir*

Child of the magic islands of the Southern sea,  
Hibiscus blossoms in your raven hair  
And o'er your head a palm held in the air—  
Figure of romance and of earth's poetry  
That never dies, forgotten though it be—  
I often wish that I were with you there,  
As full of wonder and as free of care,  
The music of your voice to comfort me.

Deep in the lustrous depths of your dark eyes  
I fathom something of the mighty past  
That is your everlasting heritage,  
Only to grieve man is so little wise  
He knows you not—of all the gods the last  
That evermore shall brighten History's page!



## THE WRECK

*Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder*

High on the beach, left by the fallen tide,  
In bold relief against the moonlit dark,  
Deserted and forgotten lies the bark  
Which once the ocean's reaches used to ride.  
Across one mast hangs still a yard stretched wide  
That makes a Cross, upstanding, cold and stark,  
There in the night—a punctuation mark  
To stop one's heart, remembering Him who died.

And what if now upon Eternity  
The world lay like this wreck beside the sea,  
Untenanted and broken in the shadows dim,  
With nothing standing save the cross? That thought  
Somehow the artist in this picture wrought  
To haunt us with its implication grim!



## PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG PAINTER

*Painted by Benjamin D. Kopman*

Eyes full of dreams and thoughts far, far away,  
Idle he sits before his easel here;  
Nor does he see the guest that doth appear,  
Whom he has waited thus for many a day.  
He can but doubt his skill as yet, and pray  
For that perfection which to him is dear;  
While even now Fame with a flower is near,  
Waiting her debt of gratitude to pay.

Peace, gentle youth, the picture in your heart  
Shall yet come true upon your square of wood  
With all the wonder and the loveliness  
Of an immortal masterpiece of art—  
And you whose work is so misunderstood  
New generations shall arise to bless!

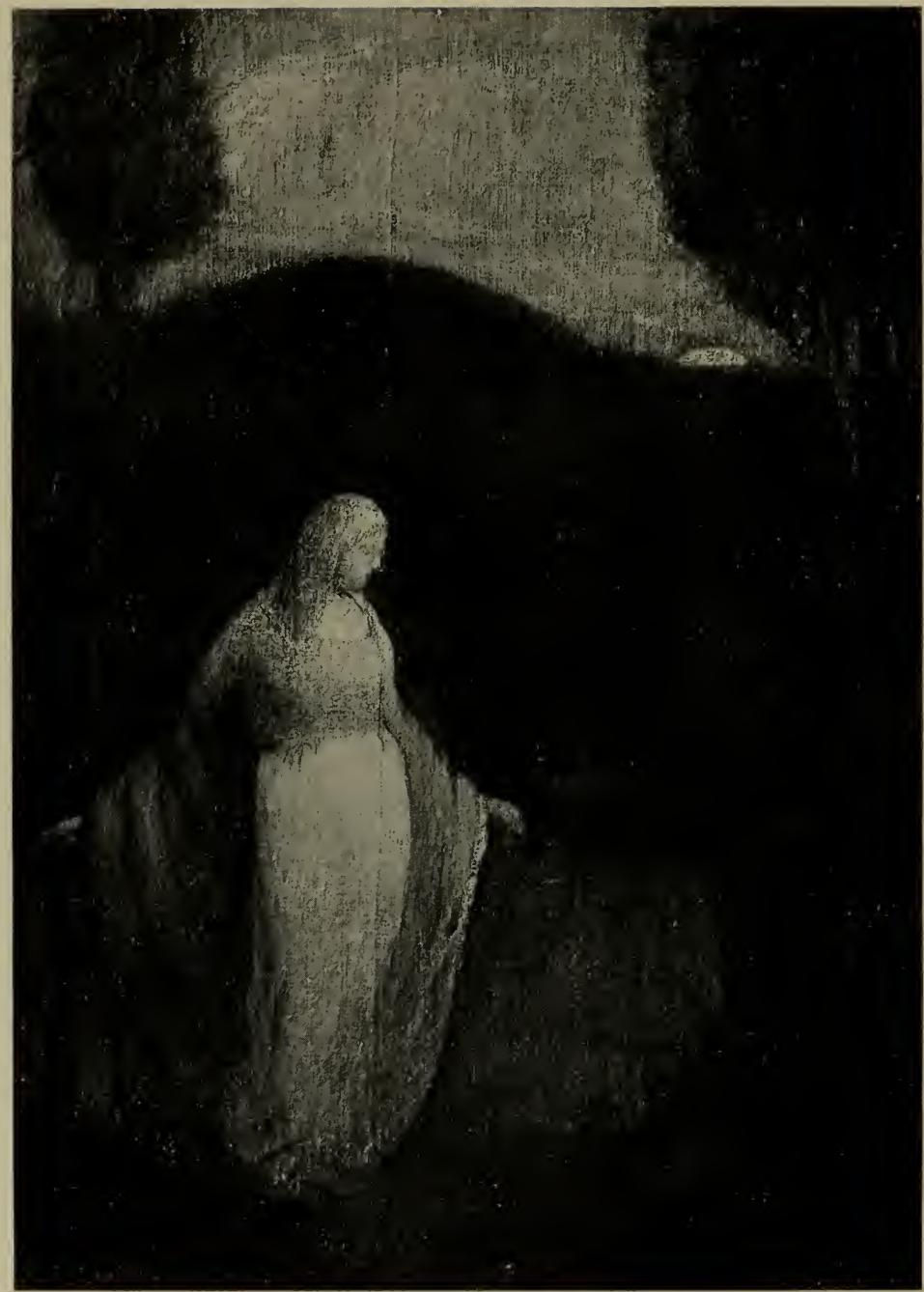


## THE SUNLIT DELL

*Painted by Lillian M. Genth*

Deep in the woods there is a sunlit dell  
    Of leafy fragrance filled the whole day long  
        With fluttering wings and ecstacies of song.  
A stream that tinkles like a fairy bell  
    Drips from the rocks, and crystal as a well  
        Lies in a pool among the flowers that throng  
            The path down which Eve, hid from eyes that wrong,  
                Returns as to her bath in Eden ere man fell.

What sylvan scenes of fabled days of yore,  
    What vistas of forgotten dreams of youth,  
        Return to gladden once again our eyes  
In here beholding Happiness once more—  
    A human form touched by the light of Truth  
        With new divinity—in a new Paradise!

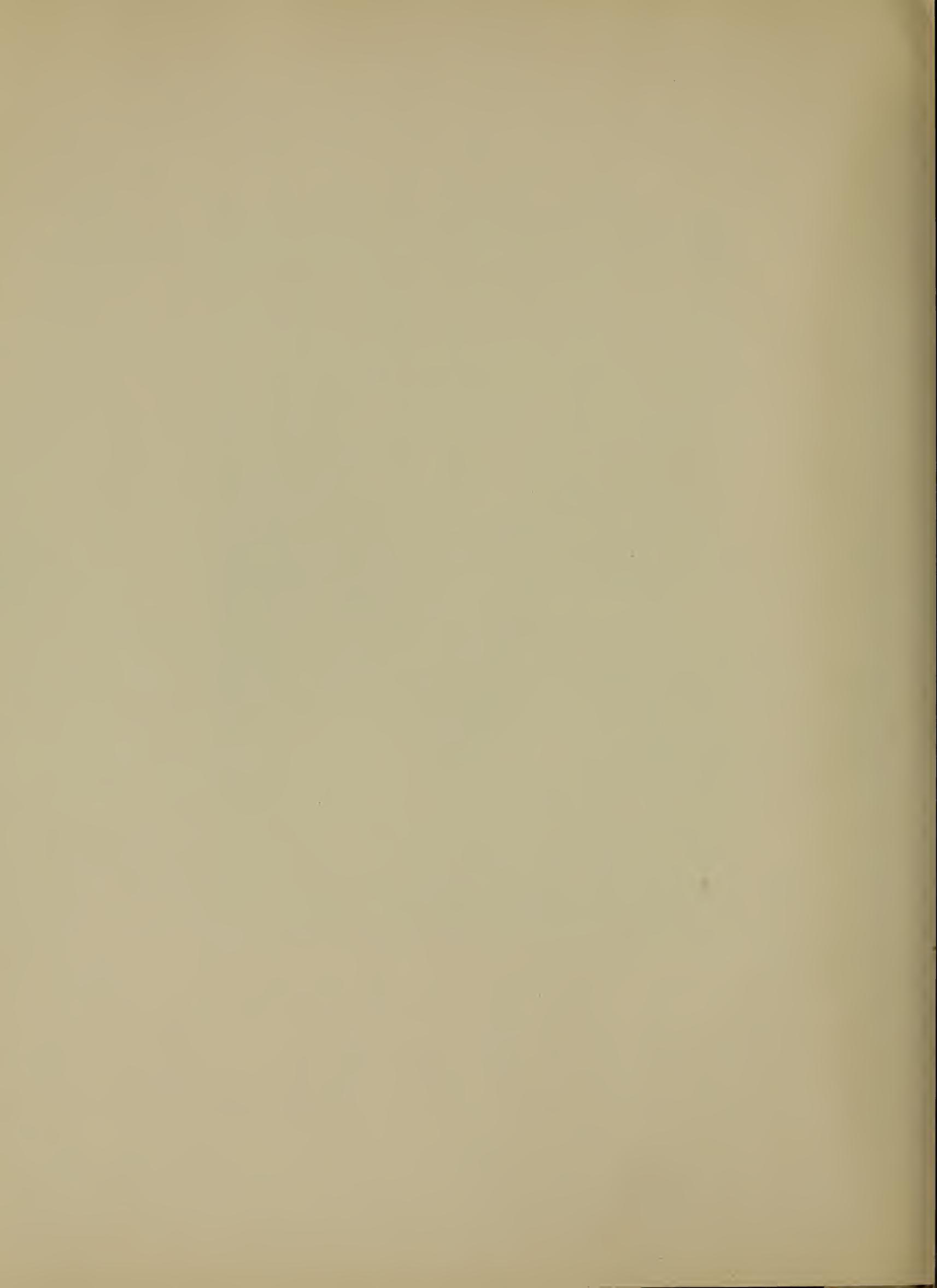


## MEDITATION

*Painted by Benjamin D. Kepman*

Like some lone castle's single soaring tower  
One mountain lifts its everlasting height  
Against the dusk, and in the gathering night  
Beside it blossoms in the airy bower  
Of heaven the summer moon—a crimson flower  
Hung in God's garden like a lantern bright  
The paths of peace and quietude to light  
By the still waters at the twilight hour.

Only the hermit thrushes' vesper hymn  
Here penetrates the woodland cloisters dim,  
And she who walks in beauty in this place  
Of refuge from the many cares of day  
The Master meets and never comes away  
But some new glory shines from out her face!



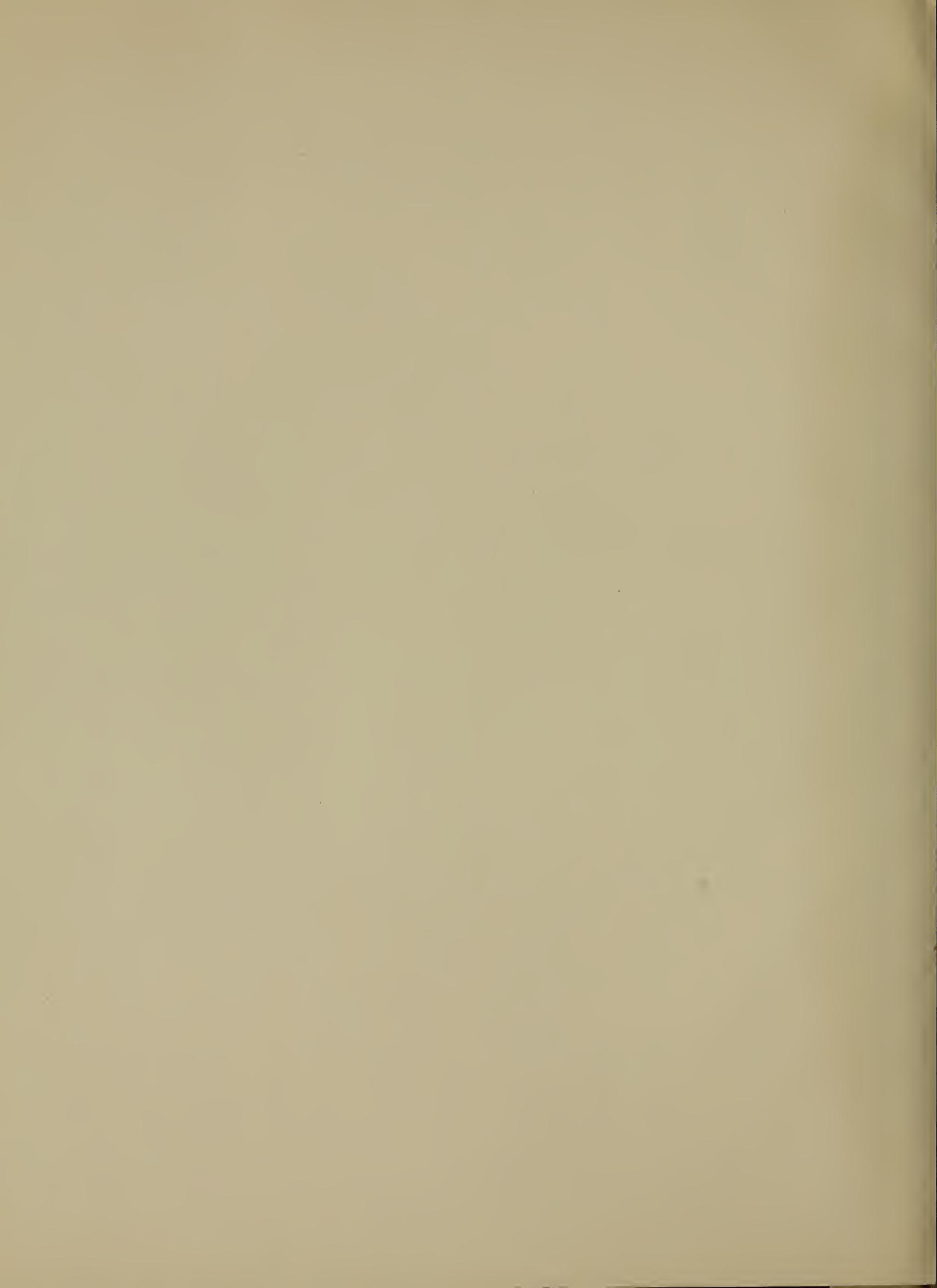
SEVENTY-FIVE COPIES PRIVATELY PRINTED  
FOR JULIA MUNSON AND FREDERIC FAIRCHILD  
SHERMAN AND THEIR FRIENDS DURING  
THE MONTH OF DECEMBER MCMXXII













Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**Preservation Technologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 391 989 1